

4/19/68

Dear John,

Only the personal news in your just-arrived letter of 5/14 depresses me. As Lili and I grow old more rapidly together (if this can be said of living with a man who spends so much time away) that people should, the more she means to me. You and the children have lost something.

If I correctly unravel your third paragraph, again, through the elipsis, you'll find I have a suggestion of it; O in H.O., p. 384, par. beginning, "The man in Miami..." For several months I have had such possibilities in the back of my mind and, between breaths, have been gathering a little on it. I now have a tape recording (not mine but a duplicate to protect the friend who made it) of advance knowledge. My friend, now at investigating, phoned me 3 a.m. in New Orleans, gave me a number, and I called him from a clear phone, with a tape recorded in the booth with me. I have his tape, loud and clear! No mention!

I would like to know your source on the Guantanamo plot to be sure it is not feedback. Jim and I have known about this for a long time. We have been silent to protect the little yellow bastard. In fact, last November, when I thought Jim was about to use it, I persuaded him not to, on the ground that no matter how yellow Bobby is, necessity will drive him our way and we should keep him in a position to maneuver. He has almost eliminated this for himself, but not quite. I still hold his keys. He is also stupid, acknowledging responsibility for what is not his responsibility. That the jerk hasn't learned from his brother's experience is stunning; he keeps himself the captive of the same ignorant advisers. I don't care whether you tell you (former?) friend of the turned back or not, but they should all have learned that there is but one way to deal with blackmail. In fact, I know more than this that they can use. Were I in his position, I'd use it myself-some of it, that is! Not what Spindell has, and not what Hoover has- and they won't dare. Unless there is a deal of a magnitude I cannot conceive cooking, they'd have used it by now if they did dare.

Unless he reaches manhood before the convention, he is then exceedingly vulnerable to the kind of emotional thing that can be done with all of this.

I am aware that you may not be able to deliver on your promise to see to it that for silence you'd get my expenses back to me. I am particularly aware because it is I who feel the pinch, more than you can imagine. But without being in a position to deliver, you should not have made the promise. Your regrets pay few of my bills.

If I were afraid, I'd neither have started this nor fought it as I have; nor would I be working such killing hours, mortgaging myself for the future I expect to have for worrying about it. Besides, there are some kinds of lives that

may not be worth living. I've shortened and ^{am} ~~am~~ shortening mine for a purpose. It means something. It is worth it. And it must be done. Whatever the consequences, I have and can conceive no alternative-not for me. And I find that one way or another, despite the now-great fatigue, I am capable of whatever is required. My instincts are still undulled, and I can still go right where I want for what I want. I sense it properly, find it instinctively, and then get it.

This now varies from people being willing to lay bare the secrets of their personal lives so I can poke around and find what not their personal affairs is there that I want and need to things so hot I cannot write them to you. And I have it on tape!

But if anything should happen to me, do I not have enough scattered around, and to the knowledge of the other side, to make their cost so great they may be my best insurance policy? At some point, Bobby may realize what is true, that as President he'll need me even more. That burning wood will haunt him. Reread the introduction of PW beginning on page 7 and make the appropriate changes. Perhaps you'll see it that way.

If not, my hair, as you know, is short and it'll burn less.

Meanwhile, the other side is having a few of its own minor problems. One of their men is in the booby hatch, properly, and with real foresight he has a weapon available. I have made what I regard as a real breakthrough in counter-intelligence and I have developed it to the point where it is first, a protection to me and the others involved and second, to where my disappearance would not hurt that part and would, on the contrary, make even more of it. It is as though the tanks made the Bailey bridges as they crossed the rivers.

There is nothing that can be done about the wealthy and powerful who are so uninformed they haven't learned what happened to their kind under Hitler and Mussolini. More, I do not believe that even with the prevalent complacency, this is either Germany or Italy.

Some things, though, do disappoint me. I had hoped that Joan might open a few small doors, and would want to.

I doubt if you have the slightest concept of the logistics involved in licking Sylvia's rump! Whether Sauvage still does it or not I cannot say. He is a remarkable writer. I think that except for an occasional attack on Garrison (that I also think one of my letters may have ended), he is silent.

About Turner: given a choice, I think I have less use for a crook than a quaker. Quakers stiffen more readily than crooks straighten. I saw him spend two days recently in literary pilferage....By the way, I sent Hal some things that may give you a few chuckles on Lane. He is now billing himself as Garrison's unpaid chief investigator. And all the time I thought that was Girvich. This

guy is even worse: he doesn't even pretend to do any work. Just steals, when he can. You should see the cover ad in PW for his new book. One man alone! He did all of it. So, why are the rest of us killing ourselves-it is all done!

I've never enjoyed the sight of guts, but some day his I'll see.

You ask me what I'll do if.... That I cannot say. But I can tell you what I will not do: I will not go to Canada, or Australia, or wherever else people flee today.

I'll be less lonely than you infer.

And I'll survive it.

However, I still believe none of ~~this~~ dire things will come to pass.

Chins up!

Sincerely,